**Ellie and the Magical Woods**

Once there was a girl named Ellie, she had three older sisters, Nadia, Sylvia and Lydia. They all knew what they were called to do. Lydia is good at singing, Nadia is good a fixing hair, and Sylvia is a fantastic story teller. Ellie was confused as to what she was supposed to be. It seemed like every hobby was taken by someone in the tribe.

One early morning, Ellie’s mother was starting a fire when Ellie asked,

“Momma, how come Nadia, Sylvia and Lydia all know what they like to do and I don’t?”

“Elliah, you’re too young to be thinking about that now! You’ll know when you’re ready, Ellie.” Momma replied.

She sighed, “Alright, Momma,” and trudged inside.

Later that afternoon,

“Nadia! Momma says that you have to help me pick berries!” Ellie called.

“Okay, let’s go.” Nadia said.

“Nadia’s good at fixing hair, but what am I good at?” Ellie thought to herself.

“Look, the hunters are back!” Nadia exclaimed. They could all see that the hunters had caught reindeer. The whole tribe ran to greet the successful hunters.

That night, the entire tribe feasted on reindeer and listened to Sylvia tell stories.

“Sylvia is good at telling stories, but what am I good at?” Ellie asked herself again.

After the feast came to an end, Ellie made her way over to Lydia and Grandmomma. Lydia was singing a song under her breath,

“Lydia is a beautiful singer, but what can I do beautifully?” Ellie whispered.

“What was that, Elliah?” Grandmomma asked.

“Why don’t I know what I’m good at yet?” Ellie asked.

“You are much too young to be thinking about that! Now go help your cousin.” Grandmomma said.

Ellie walked over to her cousin.

“What’s on your mind, Ellie?” he asked.

“Gabe, when did you find your talent?” Ellie asked.

“Oh, not until I was twelve. You’re only six, be patient.” Gabe replied.

The next Morning, Momma sent Ellie to pick berries in the woods so she grabbed her basket and started walking. Ellie started picking the vibrant red, blue and purple berries. Then, she noticed a painting on the tree with some roots near the bottom. She picked up the roots and started to draw on a piece of bark when beams of light shone through it. The light shot out of the bark and swirled and danced all around. The light changed from blue to green to yellow to pink. Ellie stared in awe of the lights until they snapped back and vanished in the bark. There, on the smooth canvas, laid a beautiful painting with the colors of the lights. She grabbed her basket and ran to find her mother.

“MOMMA, MOMMA!” Ellie screamed.

“What? What is it Elliah? Her mother said.

“I can paint! Look at this beautiful drawing I painted with roots from the woods!” Ellie gasped. Her mother hugged her and her family came to see what was going on. In all the excitement, she didn’t tell her that the lights painted the picture, not her.

For the next week, Ellie visited the magical woods every day to make more paintings to show the tribe. Soon, Ellie was realizing that she’d never told her family that the roots and the woods were magical.

“They wouldn’t believe me anyway!” Ellie thought.

Later in the tribe,

“Nadia, I made you a painting!” Ellie said handing her sister a picture of a flowery meadow.

“This is beautiful, Ellie. You could trade these for skins and beads! They’d be worth a lot.” Nadia said admiring her painting.

Soon, Ellie was trading her paintings like crazy. She had skins, beads, herbs, hairpins and tons of other stuff. But, she was feeling guilty that she didn’t actually paint the paintings so she went to find her mother. Without a word, Ellie grabbed her mother by the hand and took her to the woods. Ellie grabbed some bark and the roots, and then laid the root ends on the bark. The light beams shot out just like they always did. She let them go back in the bark to reveal a beautiful painting. Her mother sat speechless.

“These woods are magical, Momma.” Ellie said handing her mother the bark and roots. She laid the roots on the bark but nothing happened. Ellie gripped her Momma’s hands to guide them, but still nothing. Ellie’s pinkie finger slipped and touched the root. Immediately the light beams shot out, twirled and danced again revealing a gorgeous painting.

“Elliah, these woods aren’t magical.” Ellie protested, but her mother interrupted, “you are.’ She said.

Ellie realized that her Momma was right. She was magical.

That night, Grandmomma told Ellie a story about magical girl named Niame. Niame could make beautiful paintings with roots and bark.

“Is that story true, Grandmomma?” Ellie asked.

“Elliah, Niame was my great grandmother, and she was very magical.” Grandmomma replied. It was then that Ellie knew she was magical and very special, too.

“Grandmomma, I finally found my talent.” Ellie said.

Grandmomma replied,

“I knew you would, Elliah.”

**The End**